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HEATH BLOSSOMS:

OR

POEMS

WRITTEN IN OBSCURITY AND SECLUSION.

BY

MARY KERR HART.

WITH A MEMOIR OF THE AUTHOR.

When Earth lies parch'd by solar pow'r,
How welcome is cool Ev'ning's hour;
As welcome, when to grief is given
Compassion's tear—the dew of Heav'n.

PRINTED BY W. HILL, BALLINGDON:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE dread of being overtaken by absolute penury, has induced the Author of the following Poems, to offer them to the public: and as they were never intended for publication, many of them being of a personal character, and most of them partaking of the colour of her own dark and melancholy fate, it is necessary they should be prefaced with a short Memoir of herself.



MEMOIR

OF

THE AUTHOR.

MY mother died when I was an infant. At her death, Mr. O'Keeffe, the late venerable author, wrote the following Lines, inserting them in the Morning Herald for January 28, 1793. I now copy them from the paper itself, that valuable relic having been put into my hands some years ago, by my late grandmother, who, as well as my mother, was well known to the Poet.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF AN AMIABLE AND VERY BEAUTIFUL LADY, AT FARNHAM.

January 16, 1793.

DEATH took it in his empty skull
He'd be a Beau on next birth-day,
And needs a nosegay he must pull
To make him up a choice bouquet.

*

To Beauty's garden straight he hied,
With sweeping scythe her flowers to mow;
Your trouble spare, the owner cry'd,
By my advice to *Farnham* go:

Though here fond bees for sweets may swarm,
Their tasteless buzzings do not mind,
For *there*, each grace that sense can charm,
In one fair blooming flow'r you'll find.

Quick to this lovely fragrant rose
His icy fingers he applies,
(Death's finest of fine birth-day beaux)
For in his breast Eliza dies !

Her bloom's bequeath'd to blushing morn,
Her fragrance with the zephyr blends,
But ah ! to whom is left the thorn ?
Sharp in the bosom of her friends !

J. O'KEEFFE, *Brompton.*

The following answer was made to those lines by my father, addressed to Mr. O'Keeffe :—

“ Sir,

“ I TRUST you will not think me impertinent for giving you this trouble, but having seen verses in the paper, to which you sign your name, I cannot avoid giving you these thanks, which flow from a heart that bleeds, and ever will, for the loss I have sustained, in the most innocent and attached woman that I believe ever lived.

“ Miserable as I must ever be, I thank you for that tribute you have paid to her memory : (and from your pen it is made durable.) My mind is at present not able to express itself more fully, but I request that you will

believe I shall ever feel greatly obliged to you, though unknown to you, for a panegyric upon her to whom my heart was entirely devoted.

“ I am, Sir, with great regard,

“ Your obliged humble servant,

“ LOTHIAN.”

Farnham. February 9, 1793.

The respect felt for my mother's memory, by Lord Lothian's family, and by all who knew her, has been the greatest consolation and support of my life:—It has been one rose among the briars strewing my path, unwithering—unperishable—and unassailable by the blasts which have blown on me from all points.—I was brought up under the immediate protection and tender care of the Marquis, and received a superior education at Castle Hill House, Reading. While spending some time with my grandmother, I was introduced to a Rev. Baronet, Chaplain to the Prince Regent: and in due time a contract of marriage was formed between us, with the consent of my father, and the approbation of Lord C. Kerr, who had always manifested a warm interest in my welfare, and thus more strongly endeared himself to his father.

The acquaintance was, however, unexpectedly broken off by the interference of my grandmother, in consequence of which, I abruptly and disobediently left her house, and

came into this *fatal* neighbourhood, “with all my best feelings benumbed”—taking refuge in the family of a clergyman, who had formerly been curate for the Rev. Baronet.

“ Oh grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie,
For which it hop’d to live, or fear’d to die !”

Totally regardless of future prospects, and (under the illusion of youth and ardour) conceiving *my course was run*, and that the space remaining between me and the grave was a blank—a dead blank, unworthy of a thought or a care, I suddenly and submissively united myself to Mr. Hart, whom my friends had been led to believe a man of great opulence and respectability, as they had been referred by him to Sir Thomas Gooch, Sir William Rowley, and others of that grade in this neighbourhood.

The gaudy rags hung round to hide from me my true fate, fell down one by one, and before they had all fallen I found myself the wife of a lunatic and a beggar too! and that the well-filled purse and all the *other vaunted* advantages, my friends felt assured would result from the match, were but the brilliant and fantastic visions of a madman’s brain!

The following letter will prove that my father had been led to consider my husband a gentleman :—

“Sir,

“YOUR conduct appears to me so truly honourable and disinterested,* that I sincerely hope your marriage with my daughter Mary may prove a lasting comfort to you both. I must now only request that you will give directions to the gentleman you employ as your solicitor, to send to Mr. Hollist, my attorney, a draft of the settlement you propose to make for my inspection.

“I am, Sir,

“With great regard,

“Your very obedient servant,

“LOTHIAN.”

Farnham, November 9, 1814.

The impression made by such a union, in a neighbourhood where *I* was a total stranger, could not fail to be highly unfavourable to me. “How was each circumstance with aspics arm’d;” and the tossings of the ocean of trouble on which I had embarked having kept me stationary no where, I had not a fair opportunity of obliterating that impression:—and to it I am willing to

* This sentence has reference to a declaration on the part of Mr. Hart, that he did not want a shilling with me, and my father in consequence altered his will, giving me but 1000*l.* The codicil to this effect is dated after my marriage, and two months after that deplorable event, my dear father was borne to the tomb,—whither he was followed a year afterwards by Lord C. Kerr,—and very shortly after my husband was declared a bankrupt and publicly pronounced a lunatic!

attribute some of the aggravated misery I have endured during sixteen years of the existence I have dragged on—unknown and unpitied—unfriended and unsheltered ;—the sport of malice and cowardice—and the prey of fraud and tyranny !

To local disadvantages also, which I will not sully even my humble page by enumerating ; and to the pictures which, in obscurity and solitude, recollection *will* present, may be traced some of that wretchedness I have attempted to describe.

I gladly, however, avail myself of this opportunity to acknowledge the great kindness and sympathy I have experienced from the enlightened and discerning, from “the few” who can “trace the fine machinery of the mind ;”—among these are my old friends and many new ones whom I have been fortunate enough to meet in my wanderings: this being the thirty-ninth lodging, or temporary place of shelter I have had since I left Edwardston Lodge, the home provided for me at the time of my unfortunate marriage.—And “Oh ! what is woman—what is woman unprotected ;” particularly when she stands the lone and living illustration of the awful denunciation contained in the second commandment, and has the still greater misfortune to inherit *patrician* blood ; the nature of which is to boil under

the lash of persecution, and rush like an impetuous torrent to *meet* and repel its force; scorning the lessons taught by servility and the world, that “*la povertà e un infamia,*” &c. &c.

For my own part, I can say that my very helplessness has supplied me with courage; but with that courage which braves the battle and leaves a track of devastation behind—that track in the present case is but too evident, for the intense excitement and exertion of mind, with the “waste and wear of the heart,”—caused by the nerve to feel—the imagination to colour—and the memory to compare, have brought me to the brink of the grave.

Let me not, however, contradict Mr. Moore’s observation, “That in collecting our force to overcome difficulties, we invigorate the soul;” and much less deny, that “it is good for me to have been afflicted.”

“Melancholy’s baneful hand hath its sad poppies round the temples spread” of my unfortunate husband’s family! and the last time I presented myself and one of my destitute boys at their door, it was shut and locked in my face, and we were told to seek a shelter elsewhere; although they had a short time previously received the following letter from John Hollist, Esq. my father’s solicitor.

“ To MR. HART, SEN.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE lately heard so sad and pitiable an account of Mrs. Hart and her children, that I cannot refrain from addressing you on the subject.

“ I have known Mrs. Hart from her infancy, and for many years previous to her marriage I was in the habit of meeting her at the same table, and witnessing the kindness and affection with which she was treated by a most indulgent parent.

“ It is not, therefore, I hope, assuming too much to ask you to make her some certain allowance, particularly when it is considered that her marriage portion was appropriated to discharge certain claims on the estate. I earnestly entreat you to come to some arrangement on the subject, and to do that which is compatible with your own situation for the support of those whose claims I am advocating; and I would further request a line from you at your earliest convenience.

“ I am, Sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN HOLLIST.

“ Farnham, November, 1820.

“ P. S. I shall enclose this to Mrs. Hart, to be delivered to you; as I am not acquainted with your address.”

To dwell upon or throw out this feature of my misery, in all its awful prominence, would be too painful. Let me, therefore, in charity to myself and human nature, draw a veil over it, and display the next and milder grief in progression—Poverty! which I can do effectually, and at the same time, be again spared, for a page or two, the use of an egotist's pen, by the introduction of a letter from Mr. Minshull, Public Office, Bow-Street.

May that letter be permitted to add force to my apology for presenting myself to the Public in the character of an Authoress!

“A hapless outcast, on whose natal day
No star propitious beam'd a kindly ray :
By some malignant influence doom'd to roam,
The world's wide dreary waste, and find no home.
Whom Heav'n to solace, as life pass'd along,
Infus'd in its sour cup, the sweets of song.”

“TO MRS. HART.

“MADAM,

“IT is impossible to read the account you give of your peculiarly distressed situation, without feeling an anxious desire to assist you and your children.

“Though I will not understand any part of your letter, as even hinting at parochial relief, yet you will excuse my explaining to you the nature of it, thereby

to prove that it is the very last expedient of the distressed.

“The person applying to a magistrate for relief, is sent to the workhouse of the parish where she has last had a lodging: the officers of that parish immediately take her examination upon oath before two magistrates, as to the place of her husband’s settlement, to which parish (however distant) she would be removed by an order signed by the magistrates.

“God forbid that you should ever be reduced to such an extremity, and I have only to hope you will excuse what I have said on the subject.

“The family you allude to have never deserted you, and I am sure your most exemplary conduct under the greatest trials I ever heard of, will entitle you to their protection.

“Your case is not new to me, I have heard of it in Suffolk, where it is known and commiserated, and where you are universally respected.

“The first object is to get your sons provided for: the eldest, who is fourteen, is old enough to be placed in some situation.

“Assuring you of my good wishes, and anxious desire to serve you,

“I remain, Madam,

“Most truly yours,

“G. R. MINSHULL.”

Public Office, Bow-street,

May 1830.

The foregoing letter will admit the insertion of the following, addressed to me by Lord R. Kerr, whose affectionate and unremitting attention to me, being as honourable to his own feelings, as it has been sooth-ing and gratifying to mine, I feel much satisfaction in recording—particularly as the Gentleman who is the patron of this little work is a highly respected friend and countryman of his.

“ MY DEAR MARY,

“ IF you, or Mr. Minshull (who must be an excellent man, and to whom I beg to offer my warmest acknowledgments for the kind interest he takes in your case), can point out any situation for your sons or yourself, you may rely on my most earnest endeavours in your behalf.

“ I am not surprised at your dislike to return to Suffolk, it is perfectly natural.

“ Give me the age and capabilities of your sons, as well as their dispositions and views, and it shall not be my fault if something be not done for them.

“ Believe me, you have my sincerest and best wishes, and that you have them in double force, possessing such feelings of honour as I know you to do, and as I consider you a persecuted and virtuous creature; and pray, my dear Mary, persevere in the honourable course

which I have always felt assured you have pursued, and the result must, under Providence, end in your happiness here and hereafter.

“ Believe me, yours very affectionately,

“ ROBERT KERR.”

Edinbro', May, 1830.

At another time Lord Robert Kerr wrote as follows :—

“ I cannot sufficiently express my feelings, my dear Mary, at the manner in which you have been persecuted.* I could wish you to get some respectable and benevolent person in your neighbourhood, to espouse your cause. God knows, you should not want a defender if I could leave my family, but you know how impossible it is at this time of severe sickness here (Edinburgh).”

And on another occasion of oppression, Lord R. Kerr's truly noble and humane feelings prompted him to offer to come from Scotland to my assistance; when, however, I described to him the character and situations of my heartless, cowardly persecutors, he was contented to address a Gentleman on the subject.

* See the Appeal to the Creditors.

And indeed of all the actions of my life, I have the most to blush for the notice I myself took of that contemptible affair.

“ Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot,
L’honnête homme trompé s’éloigne et ne dit mot.”

That Gentleman’s answer to Lord R. Kerr’s letter was as follows:—

“ MY LORD,

“ IT was not through any disrespect to your Lordship, or from any unwillingness to do justice to Mrs. Hart’s merits, that your Lordship’s letter has so long remained unanswered.

“ I beg to assure your Lordship it would give me the greatest pleasure, to contribute to Mrs. Hart’s comfort and happiness; that I consider her incapable of an unworthy action, and regret extremely that my daughters were deprived of the pleasure, satisfaction, and benefit, they derived from her society.

“ I have the honour to remain,

“ My Lord,

“ Your Lordship’s obedient servant,

“ _____.

“ P. S. I beg your Lordship will forward this to Mrs. Hart.”

The author's name is discarded from these pages, and consigned, with all the *venom* intended to fall on a defenceless woman, to the muddy channel which engendered it.

I will now introduce the Appeal which I was compelled, by ill usage, to make to my husband's creditors.

TO THE CREDITORS OF MR. HART, JUN.

GENTLEMEN,

ABOUT nine years ago a legacy of 50*l.* came to me from a near relation. By the advice of friends, who had reason to suspect my husband's property was by no means equal to what had been represented, I placed this legacy in a Saving Bank: some time afterwards my husband was declared a bankrupt and a lunatic!

If I committed a breach of honour in not taking this money out of the Bank to cast at the feet of my husband's creditors, I am ready to bear the consequences.—But—what mother left with two helpless and more than orphaned children, would have given up a little sum *so peculiarly her own* under such circumstances?—Nay, might not the offer of it have been deemed almost an insult on my part?

When the 50*l.* had accumulated to 68*l.* I lent it to a FRIEND *in distress*, who gave me a Note of Hand for it.

At length, becoming destitute of any other resource than that in the hands of this *Friend*, I accepted the offer of himself and his wife to board with them ; when I had been with them about a month, I lost the Note of Hand—I lost it on their premises.

Numerous respectable evidences to support my statement, having at length compelled Friend Farrand to acknowledge that I *did* lend him 68*l.* (although he had repeatedly denied it) he has promised to pay it by instalments into the hands of your Solicitor for *you* !

There are few among you I think who will be inclined to sanction so flagrant a breach of friendship, by accepting a penny of this ill-earned prize—and still fewer, I trust, who will not feel your own losses slightly alleviated, in thus being afforded an opportunity of succouring the widow and fatherless, and averting the barbarous stroke intended to fall upon unsheltered heads ! It has however become a duty on my part to ask for your decision on the subject; and a list for your signatures to that effect, may be found at my lodgings, where I shall be happy to give you every explanation you may require, in connexion with what has been advanced by the cruel and vindictive Quakers, whom I had trusted and helped to establish in a flourishing business.

Permit me to say, my marriage portion, 1000*l.* (which I believed settled upon myself,) was allotted to your claims : sincerely do I wish that little sum had proved

equivalent to such claims. Its deficiency, however, you are too liberal to construe into blame on the part of one, more injured and deceived than yourselves—and bereft of all that gives life a value, with the exception of that courage which always supports an innocent victim!

The outlines of my most wretched case must be known to you :—

Above a hundred miles from every friend who knew my early respectability and the tenderness of my bringing up, I have been misjudged and misrepresented—and I am up to the present day, almost a stranger in this unfriendly soil, and as helplessly struggling with every kind of wrong and oppression, as if I had not even a connexion in the county: Treachery, Cowardice and Persecution, having pursued me with a perseverance ascribable to nothing less than a fatality! That which has supported my miserable existence for many years, has been bestowed by the hand of distant friends (see Subscription Lists, &c.), without the advantage of one penny, or the atoning solace of one civility, from my unfortunate husband's family!

But as I wish to trust more to your generosity than your compassion, I will restrain the inclination natural to misfortune, to dwell on its images, and in conclusion insert an extract from a letter written by Friend Farrand only a week or two before I asked him for my money.
“Esteemed Friend, I know how much thou hast been con-

cerned for our mutual friend Mrs. Hart, and thou knowest that my wife and self are also her sincere friends. Indeed it is no wonder that any one who really knows her, and the calamitous circumstances attending her life should be disposed to ameliorate her sufferings: she, being destitute, we have taken her under our roof for the present—her case is desperate—she cannot live on air and water, something must be done—we feel greatly for her."

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

Feb. 1829.

M. K. HART.

When I assert that the foregoing appeal to my husband's creditors was made in vain, I beg it may be understood they were not deaf or hardened to my complaint; on the contrary, I am happy in the opportunity afforded me to record their generous resignation of the money in my favour: yet, the appeal may be said to have been fruitless; for, I have heard within the last few weeks, that the person to whom I lent the money, after having used it three years and a half, has declared that he will only pay 50*l.* (5*l.* per month) into the hands of the assignees.

*

*

*

*

*

May this humble volume fall into the hand of some friend to the oppressed, who will investigate the case, and endeavour to redress the injury!

Fortunately *one* of the assignees has a proper sense of the transaction.

* * * * *

I shall conclude this Memoir, with a few lines written on the subject.

* * * * *

* * * * *

* * * * *

DISTRESS the sole lot of the poor injur'd one,
The victim of malice and gain!

Without friend or shelter—defenceless, alone,
Shall one shadow of comfort remain,

To brighten her path through the wilderness here—
Her path *known with thorns to abound?*
Yes—God holds the scales!—then be banish'd each fear,
And be hush'd ev'ry murmuring sound.

Peace plays not among the malignant's low joys,
Nor hallows the pillow that's press'd
By robber of widow and fatherless boys!
Or by scorner of—Woman oppress'd!

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P O E M S.

A SKETCH.

WHY groan'd the earth
At Mary's birth
In her beautiful mother's ear ?
On record high
The joy-lit eye
Wakes to welcome the infant here ?

What finger flung
Its touch among
The loose strings of the broken lyre ?
Why wore the moon
That night so soon
Twilight's tear, with a blush of fire ?

Maternal sighs
Might hush its cries,
 But her smile the poor babe ne'er knew;—
“The welcome tomb,
“Its shade and gloom,
 “With its deep and dark bow'r of yew,

“Be now my bed,”
The mourner said,
 When the infant with smiles would plead :
But no smile more
True gladness wore—
 Her young heart, while on earth, *must bleed.*

The dainty tomb
Enjoy'd her bloom,
 But refus'd the green bud with scorn.
But mercy's ray
Dries tears away,
 As the sun dries the dews of morn.

And Mary grew,
With eye of blue
 Lighted up at the torch of joy.
In childhood's eye,
Life's canopy
 Is a brilliant unchanging toy !

As moonlight steals
O'er ev'ning fields,
 So fair childhood with sweet youth blends.
New life and charm
The spirits warm,
 And rich fancy her storehouse lends.

Oh ! moonlight's gleam
('Tis nature's dream,)
 Flings enchantment around.—On youth
The mystic hour
Imprints a pow'r,
 Mingling harmony, love, and truth.

Those shadows flew,
And Mary knew
 Disappointment's cold chill and blight;
And Hope's warm ray
Died quite away,
 Bearing with it, her heart's best light!

Indulgence mild
Had bless'd the child,
 The first shock of fate was repell'd;
(By flinty rocks,
Or marble blocks,
 As the axe blow in scorn is held.)

It came, it came,
In floods of flame—
 The meed, due to souls that rebel—
It glar'd with red,
As on the head
 Of the maiden, the firebrand fell!

The prophecy

Of years gone by,

Thus fulfill'd, hung her flag in th' air ;
With woe-stains dy'd,
From side to side,

And the *blush e'en of birth* was there :—

That earthly stain,

Ne'er felt till then,

Call'd a groan from the dead below ;
And stagnant stood
The tide of blood,

Although noble its source and flow.

The thorny path

Some shelter hath,

If it wind through the forest wide ;
The *low* thorn there
The foot will tear,

But the tow'ring trees will hide

The soul's deep care,
And aid its pray'r,
Breathing balm to the fever'd breast :
But where's balm found
For that black wound
Darkly hurl'd from the serpent's nest ?

When pity's tide
Is petrifi'd,
And the wanderer doom'd to roam
Through life's parch'd way,
By night and day,
And can nowhere light on a home !

When cold eyes wear
The gaze and sneer,
And exulting the arrows fly :
The heart they shock
Is not a rock
To repel inhumanity ;

Though steel'd it be
To poverty,
And its hundreds of ills beside.
The alter'd eye
Turn'd languidly,
In false candour's disguise—to chide

Calls up again,
Through breast and brain,
The deep pang that was slumb'ring on ;
The worm will turn
When trodden on
By the foot link'd with heart of stone.

Oh! mighty ones
Of earth's coarse sons,
Under burdens of pride and gold,
Turn, turn your eyes
And read the skies,
And the lessons those volumes hold,—

There “temper’d winds
“The shorn lamb finds,”
And they play on the care-worn breast ;
And gales of love
Blow from above
Healing balm for the heart oppress’d !

LAVENHAM CHURCH,

REMARKABLE FOR ITS SIZE AND ISOLATED BEAUTY.

NOBLE edifice ! image and specimen rare
Of most exquisite beauty—so perfect, so fair,
So enrich'd and aggrandiz'd by touches of time,
That thou soar'st from the tombs, like a spirit sublime !
The historian of ages defying their sweep,
Thou hast seen generations through life's journey creep,
And beneath thy old walls come and crumble to dust;
Though thyself art sublim'd by Time's ravage and rust !
The proud oak, thy coeval, is swept from the land—
Of the mansion, that grandeur and human pride plann'd,
Not a vestige remaineth, not even a stone;
And e'en the oak's offspring has flourish'd and gone.
Like the rose 'mid ice-regions, thou stand'st here alone ;
Or beneath solar pow'r—like a shadow at noon :
Or, as lonely and fair, like the queen of the night
O'er the wilderness shedding her beautiful light !

And thou look'st from thy throne a sovereign in smiles,
As in pity thou markest the glare that beguiles,
And the false worldly glow that feeds man's wish to rise
Through his life-span!—unfitting him quite for the skies.
For his own native skies, if like thee, noble pile,
He would turn and adore them, and meet their warm
smile—

Though the worm at thy base, here his brother may be—
Like thy tow'r shall his spirit rise ample and free;
Heaven's gate wilt thou open (that portal divine,)
For Eternity's key!—it is thine—it is thine!.

EARLY YOUTH.

“Oh Primavera ! gioventu dell’ anno,
Oh Gioventu ! primavera della vita.”

THE canopy above thy head,
Is Heaven’s face in smiles ;
The grass o’er which thy glad feet tread,
An Eden’s path, all flowered
Thy glowing fancy styles.

The silver and mellifluous stream,
Enchants thine ear and eye ;
And birds, and woods, and valleys, seem
To mingle music with the dream,
(A spirit’s melody !)

Away—away—life's holiday,
Is fleetly gliding by ;
Enjoy the transient blush of May,
And 'mid the laughing hills, the lay
Of Zephyr's minstrelsy.

Regardless of the sigh that blends
A warning with the strain ;
Oh ! drink the sweet draught Nature lends,
Oh ! take the *moment's joy* she sends,
Unmix'd for once with pain !

SCHOOL FRIENDSHIP.

"O divine amitie, felicite parfaite
Seul mouvement de l'ame ou l' excess soit permis."

HAIL Friendship! school Friendship, tho' sages disown
thee,

And style thee the brain-heated phantom of youth ;
One vot'rist thou hast, who will gratefully own thee,
The sweet'ner of life ! and the nursling of truth !

If ought be here more than the gleanings or shadows
Of happiness' substance, or joy's native field,
It flows from thy source, winding through the sweet
meadows

Of memory !—stealing the fragrance they yield.

The fragrance, that day-spring, and first-rays of sun-shine,

(With hope blossoms mingled,) threw round at thy birth ;

Oh Friendship ! 'tis dear thus to smell thy sweet wood-bine,

And violets—when thrown on the ice-bergs of earth !

Thy fruits* too to taste, in their ripe rich perfection,

Allaying the fever that preys on the breast ;

Hail, rock of the desert !—noblest source of affection,
That healest and lullest the suff'rer to rest.

No sympathy owning with Lethean river,

Thy waters gain beauty and strength from Time's course ;

Deep—deep—pure and sweet, in its channel runs ever
(Remembrance's mirror !)—thy all-hallow'd source.

* Some years ago, the sum of 70*l.* was subscribed for my use when in great distress, by my schoolfellows.

WRITTEN IN MY PRAYER BOOK:

GIVEN ME TWENTY YEARS AGO, BY LORD C. KERR.

BLESSED Book, thou art left, though the giver be
gone ;
How in thee hath fraternal love twenty years shone,
Mingling rays with those rays of delight,
When the bosom at Sabbath's all-hallow'd return,
With the rapture that's purest and holiest will burn,
And feels *all* its best movements unite.

But 'tis past—oh 'tis past—and if those bereav'd years
Trace on Memory's tabletur nothing but tears,
Yet my Book, let me bless *thee* again ;
In thy page I may find the *all* mortals may crave,
I may learn to disarm of its dread the dark grave,
And glean love, hope, and blessing, from pain.

THE SUCKLING,

OR

BABE AT THE BREAST.

NATURE's balmiest kiss,
Her true impulse of bliss,
Is the Mother's, when snatch'd to her breast
 Is the child of her love ;
 'Tis from Heaven above,
The sweet foretaste of joy and of rest.

The cold scorn of the proud,
And adversity's cloud
May o'ershadow, and threaten, and low'r ;
 But the Mother's calm eye,
 Can these threat'nings defy,
She but presses her infant the more.

'Tis consummated joy,
Which no storm can destroy,
'Tis *life's moment* that's free from alarms !
The loud whirlwind may shock,
Earth itself e'en may rock,—
Her whole world's in the Mother's fond arms !

So the suckling in spring,
To the hawthorn will cling,
Its supporter—sustainer—its all ;
Their embrace is so fast,
It defies the rude blast,
With the suckling, the hawthorn will fall.

Let the elements howl,
And the proud ocean roll,
They may shake, but they cannot unlink ;
The babe's lock'd at the breast,
And *maternally* press'd !
If they sink, they *together* will sink.

Thus enwreath'd, even Death
Claims in mildness their breath,
Both divested of frown and of sting ;
Their watery grave,
Is a bed in the wave,
And the billows their lullaby sing !

COMPASSION.

WHEN Earth lies parch'd by solar pow'r,
How welcome is cool Ev'ning's hour;
As welcome, when to grief is giv'n,
Compassion's tear—the dew of Heav'n!
Sweet Eve's refreshing dews return,
Untir'd, they chase the rays of Morn;
But Mercy's fountain's rarely found,*
And here flows idly—'tis ice-bound!

* Gratitude induces me to state, that the above lines were written before I had visited Ipswich; where I met with the most humane and generous attention.

ENIGMA.

THOUGH born in dark ages, it triumphs in this,
Though ever in sorrow, it revels in bliss :
Though earth owns it not, and the moon scorns its aid,
Without it, the stars, and the bright sun would fade :
Though no man can feel it, his children or wife,
To the son of his father it minister'd life :
Disdaining the single lot, widow, or maid,
It crowneth the couples by Hymen's bands made.
O'er husbands it reigns, in their spouses 'tis seen,
(Th' omega and alpha,) and feedeth their spleen :
In forests it towers, and tops all the trees,
To th' heir gives possession—and multiplies bees.
In flowers of jess'mine it basketh indeed ;
Its buds, and its blossoms, its scent, and its seed :
Despising the lonely, to numbers gives strength,
And (strange !) to a woman's tongue loves to add length !
It smiles in the tempest, is lost in the calm ;
In turbulent seas, finding shelter and balm,
Of the soul 'tis the essence—the body it flies—
For its home's not on earth—it inhabits the skies !

THE

FINISHED COXCOMB.

“ My pastime was to win their young and tender love,
Then break the heart I won, and straight to others rove.”

HE will tell you, fair maidens, young widows, and wives,
With a sweetness match'd only in Hyblean hives,
And with majesty's manner and tone,
That long years pass'd in silence, in anguish, and pain,
He has linger'd—that peace can be his ne'er again,
For he lives—he breathes only for—*one*!

To the widow soft gallantry blends with the sigh—
With the wife he will weapons of sophistry try—
With the maid ply the *chords* of the heart:
He will say in the battle's heat, glory, and gore,
That the foremost was he—and *what feather he wore*,
And the air, that such feathers impart!

To the widow this tale.—To the wife more disguise,
First morality praises, then—solemnly sighs ;
 But, ye critics, think not that he loves ;
Like the wasp, that unworthy and glittering thing,
His sole aim is to flutter, and flourish, and sting,
 Then in new plumes to wing through the groves ;

To where fresh and new beauties the scene may disclose ;
(To the groves—not the *valleys*, his triumph he owes !)
 For so painted is vanity's wing,
That it hides ev'ry blemish of nature, and breeds
Such importance and pride and conceit—Oh ! it heeds,
 Not the vales where *but* wild flowers spring !

Parks and gardens his pastures, and high lands his soil,
And the heart cas'd in virtue and science his spoil,
 Nought too good for his Honour he deems.
And o'er aught that's offensive, his learning can throw
Such refinement of shade—such a delicate glow—
 That fair innocence' guardian he seems !

Beware then, ye fair, of this hypocrite's lore;
Though he's aged, no matter, he'll try but the more
 To imprint his base sting in your heart :
Then he'll hang a new plume o'er his dastardly brow,
Taking leave with a very magnificent bow,
 And be off—more such wounds to impart !

THE HALCYON NEST.

“L'Esperance toute trompeuse qu'elle est sert au moins à nous mener
a la fin de la vie par un chemin agreeable.”

I HAVE been where the golden cup graces the board—
And where greatness and splendour appear
To have planted their standard, and rest on the sword—
But I found not the Halcyon nest here.

I have been where fair competence, honour, and truth,
And affection their sweet blossoms rear,
But a blight had crept into that garden of youth—
And I found not the Halcyon nest here.

I have been to the cottage where fond woodbine creeps,
And where industry wakes with its tear,
(That sweet drop of the dawn which'mid fragrance it weeps)
But I found not the Halcyon nest here.

I have been to the hut, where with labour and rest,
The poor tenant plods through the dull year,
And I thought that at last I had found the peace nest—
But alas! I was told, 'twas not here.

Then I turn'd to the garlanded bower of love,
Lighted up with the smile and the tear
Of fond ecstacy, borrowing beams from above—
But I found not the Halcyon nest here.

Then Philosophy surely has stolen the nest,
Though to scorn earthly ease she appear,
But the pillow was hard by Philosophy press'd—
And I found not the Halcyon nest here.

Then lone Hope caught my eye : with a look of appeal
Fix'd on Heaven !—Heaven's smile wak'd the tear :
And I found in *that tear* the *all* mortals may feel
Of the Halcyon peacefulness here !

HEDGE BLOSSOMS.

“ Il più infelice fra gli nomini e quegli che crede d’esserlo.”

“ Je vis contente et suis heureuse puisque je crois l’etre.”

WHEN my path led through gardens of lilies and roses,
And the flowers of every hue,
How I lov’d the green lane, where rich nature discloses
Her wild *charms*—where the Hedge blossom blew.

Oh ! how tame seem’d each beauty—how languid the
culture
Of the loveliest flower that grew,
Oh ! how poor seem’d each scent—unrefreshing the
verdure,
To the fragrance the Hedge blossom threw !

As the years roll'd away, when vicissitude's sickle,
And the rough blast of baneful mildew
Had swept over the garden : and destiny fickle
Left the vale, where BUT Hedge blossoms grew !

Wav'ring Fancy arous'd, stole the feature of gladness,
(As the sun steals dawn's moment of dew)
From the valley—and with a dark shadow of sadness
Hung the wild, where the Hedge blossom blew !

And thus tinted, *imagin'd*, thro' calm and rough weather,
Will life glide with its ebbs and its flows;
Again aid me, Content, then a nosegay to gather
In the vale where the Hedge blossom blows.

And when wreath'd, o'er Philosophy's brow let me
throw it,
While I bow to that power below,
Even feeling, and pride, will admire and know it;
It was wreath'd where the Hedge blossoms blow.

Away then be borne memory's sigh and hope's longing
For the charms that the garden bestows;
Be that peacefulness mine, to pure nature belonging,
And my home,—where the Hedge blossom grows.

ON

VISITING BRENTLEIGH HALL,

AND BEING TOLD THAT THE SHRUBS ABOUT THE WINDOWS WERE
PLANTED BY LADY C—B—; PARTICULARLY THE WHITE
JESSAMINE IN GREAT PROFUSION.

Earth's highest station ends in "Here he lies,"
And "dust to dust!" concludes her noblest song.

YOUNG.

WHEN my eye drank the pure draught of wood, vale, and
water,
Over Brentleigh's thick foliag'd hill,
And I thought of the blossom of * * * * 's fair daughter,
There crept over my frame a slight chill.

As in fancy I saw the fond child* wreath a garland,
Of the darkly green-leav'd jessamine ;
While she tearfully utter'd, "A foreign and far land
"Was the birth-place of young Catherine."

* This amiable child was under my care for a short time.

“ Though 'twas planted, this seedling, with flow'rs of
such whiteness,

“ By the hand of my parent alone,

“ When prosperity's sun shone in splendour and bright-
ness,

“ And this garden of sweets was her own!”

But the next breeze that blew, bore the gentle repining
From this Innocent's breast far away,
And the buoyance of childhood, with high blood com-
bining,

Lent her pale cheek the roses of May,

And her light foot the swiftness and fleetness of pleasure,
As it bounded across the smooth lawn :
The first breathing of morn was not sweeter or fresher,
Nor more lovely the first blush of dawn.

If the rose, or the lily, or proud myrtle flower,
Caught a moment her soul-lit blue eye ;
She would kiss the green sprig she had pluck'd at the
bower,
And intwine it intuitively

In her light clust'ring hair, 'twas the sprig from the
bower—

From the bower to maternal love dear ;
And a coronet it seem'd—(that delicate flower,)
Of white pearls, and green emeralds there !

Be thy course thro' life's garden, illustrious stranger,
As my fancy has imag'd thee now ;
May the sprig that's divested of thorn and of danger,
(The lov'd jessamine,) bloom on thy brow.

To thy family honours, if fate should restore thee,
Oh ! no gem will become thee so well,
As the innocent chaplet, that feeling threw o'er thee,
In thy musings on Brentleigh hill !

TO

THE LADY WHO EDUCATED ME,

AT CASTLE HILL HOUSE, READING.

“ Could e'en an angel's voice, one doubt instill,
When all our wisdom was distrust of ill ? ”

ARAB. ROWDEN.

AND dost thou, lady, still behold
Each grace of mind and form unfold ?
And does thy wonted smile call forth,
And foster still the charms of youth ?—
Or does thy disappointed eye,
Steep'd in tears of sympathy,
In languor rest upon thy care,
And ask, where thy *old fav'rites* are !
Those buds of promise ! where are they ;
Rear'd in refinement's nursery.
Some sleeping in the silent tomb,
And call'd from thee to Heaven to bloom ;

More pierc'd, alas ! and bleeding now
Beneath th' oppressor's cruel blow :
Or hurried on by wild despair,
To find destruction ev'ry where :
And many—many—all, alas !
Demand, in pain and bitterness,
That bright, all bright and glowing sky,
Which form'd their youthful canopy !

THE
TEAR OF GRATITUDE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. DRAKE:

Who had " wak'd the tear 'tis luxury to shed."

FRIEND of th' unfriended struggling one,
How oft thy feeling page hath won
 The tear,—that starting,—heal'd
Heart press'd beneath the gnawing goad
Of dire oppression's baneful load,
 Till then—to softness steel'd !

Thine—thine the taste, that brought relief
To e'en the stubborn soul of grief :
 Thy page, the transcript true
Of mind, that heaven's chords can reach—
Of mind,—that seraphs love to teach
 Their chords—and touches too!

And now, the tear of ecstacy
Illumes this long benighted eye ;
Like star 'mid tempest's gloom.
Oh ! hail'd be that lone glist'ning light,
That rises on affliction's night,
As eve's primroses bloom !

When all around is dark and still,
And twilight's spirit from the hill
Hath glided quite away—
Oh ! there be hearts that feel that hour,
Admire the wakeful primrose flow'r,
And love the lone star's ray.

And blessed be the heart that feels—
The eye that soothes—the hand that heals :—
That heart—that hand—that eye,
Is thine !—this tribute then accept—
It flows from eyes that long have wept—
But—tears of agony !

ON

A WALK TO CORNARD.

THE sun shines bright
On Cornard height,
 In calm unclouded splendour ;
And beauty breathes
O'er meads and fields,
 With tints as warm and tender,
As when the place
A charm and grace
 From friendship's glow might borrow ;
When hearts beat high
In harmony,
 And had not dreamt of sorrow.
And nature wears
No trace of tears,
 For all the mingled seeming,
In this fair scene :
The leaf as green !
 The flowers as richly beaming !

As if no share
Of blanching care
The once bright locks had sprinkled ;
And oh ! as if
No blighting grief
The once smooth brow had wrinkled !

A

DEFINITION.

No man without high birth can be
A Gentleman indeed :
Yet some of very high degree
May seem of lowest breed.

THE

BLACKBIRD'S NOTE.

"———Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi de tempo felice nella miseria!"

AH! the note of the Blackbird—oh! hush it—oh! hush:
'Tis a note which I now cannot bear,
For the strong tide of memory with it will rush,
Overflowing the heart through the ear.

'Twas the bird that my father lov'd, cherish'd, and fed ;
And whose ev'ning of life it would cheer,
With its song from the old Thorn,* its beautiful bed,
And its green home for many a year !

* A celebrated thorn in Lord L.'s garden at Farnham, much prized by him, both for its size, age, and beauty; and the yearly return of a favourite blackbird to its nest there.

And if ever on *that* fond brow linger'd a frown,
 My young foot had in heedlessness stray'd,
Where the Thorn its white blossoms was showering down,
 Shedding lustre within its broad shade.

Then oh ! ask not what flings that rich note on my ear,
 Like the zephyr-flung knell of the dead,
Or why *bitter* tears down this sad haggard cheek roll—
 'Tis the spirit of happy years fled !

And through summers sixteen, hath each year hung its
 shroud
O'er the sound, adding weight to its woe :
Oh ! *thus banner'd*, it flings its note hollow and loud,
 And calls sorrow to sit on my brow !

The sweet Blackbird's blithe whistle, in mercy, then
 hush ;—
Oh ! be silenc'd, the music of youth :
Or embow'r'd in a greener, and happier bush,
 Sing the notes dear to love and to truth.

TO THE MOON.

A SONG.

SWEET moon, sweet moon, withdraw thy ray,
Or let me turn my face away ;
For hope's wild idle dreams are past,
Since thy mild beam on me was cast ;
And with those dreams, sweet moon, is spent
Thy pow'r—that bliss to mortals lent :
That bliss of higher, nobler sphere—
That bliss, which lives not—stays not here.
Yet mutely still the eye on thee
Will gaze—though sear'd the heart may be :
For dost thou not declare the way,
That lies beyond life's little day ;
Of happy spirits borne from earth,
Still bless'd—and blessing nature's birth ;
From doubt—from sin—from sorrow freed,
From tongues that fawn—and hearts that bleed ?
Then farewell autumn's gentle moon,
And all that gilds thy earthly boon ;
To thy more native themes be giv'n
My hopes—The themes that tell of heav'n !

THE

SUICIDE'S GRAVE.

POOR S. H.

I STOOD at the side of an unhallow'd grave,
 Un-noted by stone, and by all,
Except what the high grass in sad emblem gave—
It lov'd o'er that unholy hillock to wave,
 And sighing, the vagrant foot call.

Deep silence a dark startl'd look threw around,
 While guarding the desolate spot;
Remembrance wept tenderly over the mound,
While zephyrs howl'd requiems of saddening sound!
 Oh! sounds to be never forgot!

In agoniz'd breathing a spirit told there,
 Of stains gleaming darkly with red;
It told, in a whisper of wildest despair,
Though blended and hush'd by the stranger's low pray'r,
 "There's no rest in that narrow green bed."

TO ———.

"Le Fiere sono men crudeli degli uomini."

UNDERMINING adept in honour's fair seeming,
Fond self-loving thing!—the earth-worm that feeds,
And that revels beneath, in the grave dark and teeming,
Feeds simply—*feasts not on the bosom that bleeds!*

Oh! his harvest is rich, and it faileth him never,
Nor art, sting, or labour, that poor earth-worm needs;
'Tis the serpent, that treacherous reptile fam'd ever,
That pierces—*then feasts on the bosom that bleeds!*

WRITTEN IN ILLNESS,

AND A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

"The artful injury, whose venom'd dart
Scarce wounds the hearing, while it stabs the heart."

"Tis o'er Death's—not o'er Life's cruel brow,
That the garland of pity is hung;
Oh Death! thy keen shaft's not the shaft of a foe,
To the breast that dark malice hath stung.

But forgiveness be fostered now,
And calm the last moments of life,
Uprooted resentment's deep passion and glow,
And silent the breathings of strife:

Too long nurs'd did they anguish beget,
Excluding of meekness the joys;
Oh! why did I fear that my God would forget
To plead wounded innocence' cause?

Oh ! why did oppression's rude shaft
Wound breast arm'd in consciousness steel ?
Oh ! why did I, doubting God's mercy, the draught
Reject ?—'Twas the draught sent to heal

Of rebellion and pride, the deep wounds,
To shew Heaven's wisdom divine—
Though late—that in mercy and love he abounds,
For, saith he not—“ Vengeance is mine ?”

Oh ! happy, 'ere surrendered quite
The heart—that feels, if clear and bright;
And *full* and *true*, the chords that speak,
And harmony's vibration seek !
If manly be the hand that flings,
Its touch among those tender strings !
If *fine* the touch, that thus would move
To notes responsive—notes of love !

BYRON! WHERE IS HE!

“Natura il suo fece
e dopo ruppa la stampa.”

OH! where's the spark, ethereal, bright,
Transcending earth's and nature's light?
That ambient essence, hov'ring here;
That rainbow beam of smile and tear!—
The heart is still, and cold the brow,
But where's the lofty spirit now?—
Of whence it came, or whither flown,
To mortals nought can e'er be known;
Enough for them to know is this,
(And 'tis their pride and happiness,)
That spirit, so divinely fair,
Could take *their* form!—could breathe *their* air!



THE VINE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

Non ancora e saggio chi non ha sentito la propria debolezza—chi non
sa diffidare di se medessimo”—

ON the day that in beauty the trees were created,
They began to converse in this strain animated :
“ “Twas the Lord planted me,” said the towering Cedar,
“ But to be of all trees the protector and leader—”
Then, the shadowy Palm said, “ To bless I was fashion’d,
To create the first glowings of rapture impassion’d—”
“ Like the Rose among briars,” the Apple-tree vaunted
Its rich clusters of sweets amid all the trees planted.
Thus they boasted—the Olive—the Fig-tree—the Myrtle,
But the Vine droop’d, as being unsightly, unfertile,
Saying, “ I’ve neither beauty, nor honours, nor flowers,
Yet the Lord made me thus :—and if only green bowers
It be mine to o’ershadow, with bramble entwining
I will wreath my young shoots without ever repining.”

Earth's divinity (Man) then soon after appearing,
He drew near to the Vine, in compassion, uprearing
Its unhonoured head—and its branches recumbent
He supported and propp'd :—this—with glows the warm
sun lent,
So encourag'd and rais'd nature's humblest offspring,
That in time the rich grape was its fruit and its off'ring ;
Now the friend and the fav'rite of man ! let it waken
In your hearts, joy and hope—YE FORLORN !—YE
FORSAKEN !

THE TEAR

ON

A WIDOW'S CHEEK.

THAT glist'ning tear—that glist'ning tear,
It springs from fountain deep and clear ;
 Though sorrow's child,
 'Tis chasteñ'd, mild,
And stranger to the fiend despair.—

Oh ! let it steal across the cheek,
The eye must weep, or heart must break ;
 As dew drops bless
 The wilderness,
It soothes the grief too full to speak.

THE DIMMED STAR.

TO MISS ——.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”—SHAKSPEARE.

THOUGH thy parents' dimm'd star be the star of thy
morning,

And it shine not with splendour for thee;

’Tis philosophy’s smile that it wears with its warning,

And thy true faithful friend it would be.

It would tell of the *show* of meridian gladness,

Of the scorch’d wing of peace, if it soar ;

It would tell of a glory engendering sadness,

And of pleasure expose the false glare.

Over life's barren valley, as well as its mountain,
It would trace a safe path for thy youth;
'Twould irradiate the mead, and illumine the fountain,
With the genial and mild beams of truth.

TO —————.

I COULD doubt sweet May's returning,
Crown'd with flow'ring bush and tree,
Or the glories of June's morning,—
Rather than have doubted Thee !

I could doubt rich solar brightness,
Moon and stars' sweet harmony,
Nightly gloom, or dawning lightness,—
Rather than have doubted Thee !

I'd conceive the plunge of mountain,—
And vast ocean's majesty
Depthless, and a dried up fountain,
Rather than have doubted Thee !

Vessels gliding through the desert,
Tillers ploughing o'er the sea ;
Inconceivable to this heart,—less
Than cause for doubting Thee !

But thy consummated feigning,
Winning tongue, and pliant knee,
Prove, alas ! that Satan 's reigning,
Known and prototyp'd in Thee !

IT IS WELL.

“L’ame, en Dieu contente,
Possede tout bien.”

Oh ! the heart’s golden balance of calmness and
buoyance,
 Oh ! its measure of joy—who can tell ?
When it meets ’mid the storms of life’s din and
annoyance,
 The soft echo of peace—“It is well !”

When to youth’s, and to honour’s, and beauty’s
delusion,
 It can bid without trembling, farewell ;
And find nothing so fitting and grateful to muse on,
 As the echo of peace—“It is well !”

When the scorn of the proud, and the mockings of malice,
And the blow, it unmoved, can repel ;
And its own proffer'd cup, quaff (that high-nectar'd
chalice)
Chaunting echoes of peace—“ It is well !”

If it linger among the gay haunts of the living,
Or in vaults where the silent dead dwell,
It can feel the proud wall, and arch'd vault, alike giving
The soft echo of peace—“ It is well !”

The proud wall may resound with the revel of gladness,
Let Earth's *simplest* ones envy its swell ;
To the heart fix'd on Heav'n, *could* the murmur of sadness
Blend with echoes of peace “ It is well !”

It would steal from the crowd that Life's torrent is
breasting ;
But the yew-shaded sepulchr'd cell,
Where “ the vile cease from troubling, the weary are
resting,”
Is that lov'd echo's home—“ It is well !”

MUSIC.

" La musique revieille les souvenirs que l'on
s'efforcoit d' appasir."

MISFORTUNE's child may turn away
From pleasure's glaring bright display,
And on the haggard cheek may glow
A blush at things so false and low ;
Amid the wreck, a calm, cold smile,
In vacancy may gleam awhile ;
Like sun-beams on the mountain snow,
Too weak to warm—too faint to thaw.—
And gold, and pow'r, and beauty's sway
May seem mere baubles, light and gay.
The heart, that's sear'd by mental pain,
Can never, never, feel again
Or pleasure's dews, or sorrow's sting,
With being's nerve-born trembling,
If *Music* strike not on the soul,
And wake Emotion's swell and roll :
The sear'd heart's slumbers then will fly,
And rouse it into agony !

WRITTEN DURING MY SON CHRISTIAN'S
SEVERE ILLNESS.

"A mother lives
In many lives—through many a nerve she feels!"

Oh ! grief—of griefs the keenest one,
To struggle with the cruel doom,
That marks an orphan'd, hapless son,
And bears him to an early tomb !

The common cries of penury—
Of perish'd hopes—of fortune's frowns—
Maternal anguish casts away,
And every other grief disowns

But that full agonizing one
Which threatens to destroy her boy,
The sharer of her wayward doom,
Her only gleam of future joy !

LA FEUILLE.

DE la tige detachèe
Pauvre feuille dessechèe
Ou vas tu ?—je n'en sais rien,
L'orage a frappè le chene
Qui seul etoit mon soutien :
De son inconstante haleine
Le zephyr, et l'aquilon
Depuis ce jour, me promene
De la forêt a la plaine,
De la montagne au vallon :
Je vais ou va toutes choses,
Ou va la feuille de rose,
Et la feuille de l'aurier !

AN ATTEMPTED

TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING LITTLE PIECE,

THE LEAF.

FORSAKEN, wither'd leaf, where goest thou ?
Alas ! in heedlessness I wander now ;
The rude storm hath pass'd o'er the spreading tree
Where once, in beauty and serenity,
I hung.—'Twas all my shelter, all my stay
That cradling branch !—and now I'm borne away
By ev'ry idle wind, or zephyr's breath,
From mountain height into the vale beneath ;
From forest to the plain :—nor mingle sigh
With that wild driving wind that passes by :—
I go, alas ! where, wither'd—sear'd, all goes—
The leaf of laurel—and the leaf of rose !

It came like the music of deep distant waters,
It came like the sweet-scented gale of the east,
That soft flowing accent ! of memory's daughters,
The fairest—the purest—the holiest—the best ;

But though 'twas the accent of tempering gladness,
And guarded by smiling Philosophy's train,
There lurk'd a slight mixture,—a creeping of sadness,
Which stole o'er the heart, too prophetic of pain !

That embryo power (unchecking, unheeding,)
Fond hope, and self-confidence foster'd ;—and now,
Alas ! 'tis a prophecy full blown and shedding
Bane—withering bane, on the verdure below !

THE HEARTS-EASE:

OR,

FORGET-ME-NOT.

“ We know delight but by her parting smile.”

As a lady and knight, lost in love’s magic dream,
Were meand’ring along near the grove’s winding stream,
Which reflected their perfected joy,
On the opposite bank some fair flowers disclose
Love’s own beautiful blue—love’s own couleur de rose!
'Twas a Hearts-ease’s bed—(Nature’s toy !)

The fair lady would wear it as love’s offering,
(Even love has its wants, and a shade oft will fling
Where the sun’s richest bliss beams can meet,)
The brave knight, plunging into the river’s dark bed,
Having seiz’d them, “ Forget me not, lady,” he said,
As he threw them ashore at her feet !

And the amorous streamlet embrac'd her true knight,
As it bore him away from her agoniz'd sight—
 And he sunk, to ascend never more !
Like a dagger, the groan, and “forget me not” sound,
Pierc'd her bosom!—and echo long murmur'd it round—
 And thus nam'd the “Forget me not” flow'r.

TWILIGHT.

WHEN twilight leads her veiled hour
To Fancy's deep ambrosial bow'r,
And ragance, steals
From flow'ry fields,
And freshness, from the light dew show'r,—

When hush'd is hum of lab'ring bees,
And slumb'ring all, save from the trees
The lullaby
Of angels nigh,
Sounds fondly through the gentle breeze.

Though o'er the busy world may creep
Deep silence' reign, and nature's sleep,—
To that bright star,
That beameth far,
The Heav'n fed eye will turn, and weep—

Weep tears of feeling, hope, and pray'r,
And bless the link that holds it there,
That beam divine,
'Mid gloom, will shine,
And quicken like that ev'ning star !

TO MISS BIRD.

"Th' horizon's bound was all the world we knew,
And hope's soft pencil every image drew."

WHEN we stray'd hand in hand over youth's daisied
meadows,
Dearest Charlotte, our eyes beaming joy,
Oh! did not the future's false tintings and shadows,
Promise bliss without any alloy?

Like the sun, as he's seen thro' the mist of the morning,
Climbing gently the fair eastern sky,
We had felt his mild beam on our heads at his dawning,
And we *fancied* his glory on high:

Heeding not the thick cloud that might steal from his
brightness,
'Ere he reach'd the meridian hour.
Oh! it *was* the false future's, dear Charlotte, that lightness
Which enchanted our youth budding bow'r.

And the garlands there wreath'd, *thence* their beauty did
borrow :

E'en the daisy that sprung at our feet,
Seem'd the bright star, and promise of some distant
morrow,
Where concentrated, all bliss beams would meet!

Oh ! that point—did maturity feel it, or find it,
And expect it, and woo it to stay ?—
Like the bow of rich Iris—with dark clouds behind it,
Bright a moment—it then died away !

TO A COXCOMB.

“ When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this weapon meet his eye.”

FALSE stroke of creation, by nature reptilian,
Though human in form : and, by aid of vermillion,
Cosmetics, wig, whiskers, outvying in brightness—
The sun in his course,—as the feather—in lightness—
Thou feeder and fatt’ner on sycophant smiling !
Thy draught too—thy draught—’tis nectarian, beguiling,
The bee sips the sweet dewy tear of the flow’r ;
But thy draught—thou wasp—’tis the mocked eyes’
show’r !
There’s a future, *foul, fair one*, where mean heart’s joy
lighted
By mob-adulation and puff, shall be blighted—
There’s a future, weak boaster, in vanity drenched,
“ Where the worm dieth not, and the fire ’s not
quenched !”

TO A PERSON

WHO TOLD ME, WHILE IN GRIEF, ARISING FROM
THE CONDUCT OF ONE WHOM I HAD REGARDED, NOT TO
YIELD TO THE IMPULSE OF PASSION.

“ Oh ! C'est un fatal présent du Ciel qu'une âme sensible !”

A FEELING, keen, oppressive, deep,
May kindle anguish into flame;
This heart may throb—this eye may weep—
But *Passion's* not *that feeling's* name.

A sacred tomb may friendship rear
O'er honour's fall ! the knell of fame
May find an echo lurking near—
But *Passion's* not *that echo's* name.

The rose may fade on Feeling's brow
And all *seem chang'd* ; tho' all's the same,
But that one breast dishonour'd now !—
But *Passion's* not *that change's* name.

THE TEAR.

UNBIDDEN let it glide ; that tear
Though gliding o'er the cheek
Of youth and beauty :—'tis the tear,
Which owns no kindred with despair,
Nor bids the heart to break.

Its fountain is a holy shrine,
It falls upon the tomb
Of all that gave to life and time
The savour of a happier clime,
And made this desert bloom !

But oh !—there is of deeper sting,
And deadlier too—a pain,
Which to the eye no tear can bring,
Nor o'er the parched heart can fling,
One cooling shade again !

ENIGMA.

'Tis from that part of speech forming links of connexion,

That my poor theme derives both its birth and complexion.

From a common noun then its completion it borrows,

'Tis the thing that dispenses both pleasures and sorrows;
To the lover and poet, a refuge and solace.

Its birth-place a barn—its grave oft a palace.—

'Tis the quick march of intellects' true badge and banner,
(Oh! that foe to simplicity's peace, garb, and manner,

That distorteth the features, and honest impression

Of the mead, vale, and country)—but this is digression.

The enigma complete, 'tis the spirit of forests—

The romance 'tis of ages—the wonder of florists,

And its deep passing sigh re-echoes the story

Told by Tasso—of poets the sun and the glory !

SIR SCYTHE;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF TIME.

Alexandre dit plus d'une fois "que ne puis je revenir dans trois ou quatre cens ans pour entendre de quelle maniere les hommes parleront de moi."

Now it once came to pass in the spring of Time's day,
That he stroll'd to a city, where laurel and bay
 Reach'd the buildings' roofs, splendidly gilt;
And he said to a maiden of seventy-four,
(For the ladies were young then at three or four score,)
"Pray, how long has this city been built?"

"Through my own, and my father's, and grandfather's
 lives,
"Has this city thus flourish'd and thriv'd, as it thrives;"
Said the maid, to the noble Sir Scythe.
And five hundred years after he came to its site,
When a wheat-field he found there, luxuriantly bright,
Fill'd with harvest-men, sturdy and blithe.

And he said to the reapers, “ How long hath this part,
Thus delighted the eye, and enraptur’d the heart

With the best gift that nature can yield ?”

“ The succession of seed-time and harvest, has blest,
Through long ages, this land ;”—so the reapers con-
fess’d,

“ And our forefathers gather’d this field.”

And five hundred years after, Sir Scythe came again,
And a fine river ran where the wheat-fields had been.

“ Pray, how long has it flow’d thus ?” he said
To a party of fishermen, grouped on its side :
Who (the stranger’s hard question not solving) replied,
“ By the *ancients* was dug its old bed !”

And again, after five hundred years, did he come,
When behold ! into dry land again ’twas become,
With a forest of slumbering pine.

And he said to a shepherd, attending his sheep,
“ Pray how long has this place form’d a shade rich and
deep,
For the flocks of thy father—or thine ?”

And he answered, " An old race of shepherds are we,
And the fair forests' nurslings, our young lambkins be,
 Oh ! no flocks are so happy and blithe!"—
But—gone was the shepherd's mild race, flock, and
 penn,
With the forest!—and rais'd the proud city again,
When—(five hundred years more)—came Sir Scythe !

ENIGMA.

"Tis the lanthorn and cloak of a dark winter's night
Give me name, when the hearts' overflowings unite :
Or again, 'tis the native of Alp's mountains high,
United with ice, when the sun's passing by.
And that union produces the lovliest thing,
Of the lovely and innocent dawnings of spring.

TO A RUIN.

“ Chiunque non sa sofferire,
Non ha gran cuore.”

HIGH majestic Turret, frown !
Frown upon a heart cast down,
Crush'd beneath a load of cares
And oppressor's deep-laid snares—
Banish'd be they—and let me
Noble ruin, copy thee ;
Long, as desolate and lone,
I have mourned “ glories gone !”
Let me learn of thee, to bear
Wintry storms, or scorching air ;
Resting peacefully on earth,
Till the seed of heav'nly birth—
Death—deep planted in my breast,
Lead to “ where the weary rest !”

ON BEING REQUESTED TO WRITE SOME LINES, ON A
LOCK OF MISS BYRON'S HAIR.

" Oh ! one who had valu'd my lay,
And warm'd o'er the tale as it ran ;
To *her*,* e'en may venture to say,
His frailties were those of a man."—BYRON.

WRITE verses on the lovely Ada's lock !
Oh ! rather bid the adamantine block
Throw out the form of beauty hidden there,
Unchisel'd by the hand of art, or care :
Enchantment hovers o'er the glossy prize,
And mocks th' inquiry of mere mortal eyes :
From heights etherial—from an angel's throne,
From minds celestial, kindled like his own,
Can aught be known, of that high spirit's fire,
Which burn'd within the breast of Ada's sire,
E'en while on earth.—True—earthly minds there are
Can feel the charm of this bright lock of hair ;
Can e'en claim kindred ties with Byron's soul ;
Can be a Byron's *part*—but not the **WHOLE** !

* His daughter.

And if, as sages say, our joys above,
Will flow from knowledge' fount, as well as love ;
An idle speculation 'tis below,
T' attempt the essence, of high things to know !
He liv'd to prove to doubting, fainting minds,
The glorious link that earth to heaven binds.
Enough—enough, 'tis holy ground, beware !
And spirits dwell in Ada's lock of hair !

THE

ANSWER TO A LETTER.

YES! Woman's heart's a busy thing
Where strong and deep sensations spring ;
But not with ev'ry breeze that blows
Does ev'ry heart its folds unclose.
The plant that's lov'd is sensitive,
And needs love's gentlest cares to live.
From each cold selfish touch of earth,
It shrinks—and shrinking, shews its birth !
Its seed was sent from heav'n to bless
And sublime this wilderness.

TO

THE VERY DIMINUTIVE

MADemoiselle DE M——.

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE FOR HER ALBUM.

NAY ! seek not thou on earth's wild heath,
For flow'rs to blend with thy brow's wreath ;
A wreath prepar'd by fairy band,
'Tis dimm'd by touch of earthly hand ;
The flowers of love, and chivalry,
Are borne by Ob'ron's majesty :
And, follow'd by his tiny train,
They lead sweet Flora o'er the plain,
Who, veiling with a mantle green
Titania's beauties—*crowns THEE Queen.*

SUPPOSED TO BE ADDRESSED,
BY THE REV. GENTLEMAN WHOSE NAME FORMS THE ACROSTIC,
TO THE AUTHOR.

Mild Summer's train has glided by,
Green leaves have lost their fresh young dye,
“Emblem of forsaken grief,”
(Dying, wand'ring autumn leaf:)
Grants not thee, the God of all,
Aid! who “marks the sparrow's fall?”
Rest thee, near that lovely pile,*
Rear'd to bid the mourner smile.

CHORUS.

Rest thee! balm is found for grief,
Rest thee—wand'ring autumn leaf!

Ipswich,
Oct. 24. 1830.

* His Church.

ENIGME.

UN adjective mon premier, entre nous
Qui donne un sens, et vague, et peu connu,
Mon second.—Maitre des vagues et de la mer
Et même de toutes choses vivans sur la terre.
Mon tout—c'est trouvé rarement ici bas,
On peut le voir, toujours, parfait en toi !



To W. M., Esq.

WHO ADVISED ME NOT TO WRITE A MEMOIR, LEST I SHOULD
OFFEND MY FATHER'S FAMILY.

“The thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me
The show of smooth civility.”—SHAKSPEARE.

THY words, are words a friend alone would speak,
And they do find within this blighted heart
Reception welcome—like a gather'd rose
Presented by the hand of Friendship :—there
Awhile to bloom—then wither, and augment
The heap of ruin chosen for its grave.
Oh ! never more to *root*—and bud, and bloom,
Will flow'rs be strewn, tho' strewn by hand of friend,
In this now adamantin'd heart, where streams
Of vital, genial, blood warmth should have flow'd,

And bless'd?—Reflected blessings then had warm'd the breasts,
And damask'd with the soul's best health, the cheeks
Where now must glow the hectic blush of shame.
The coronet across their lordly brows
May seem to common eyes, and e'en their own,
To hang at ease, and emulate the sun :
(And, like to rays of gladness, born and fed
By th' heart's uprightness,) a brilliancy
May seem to cast around.—But borrow'd 'tis,
That seeming ease and lustre—ah, borrow'd !
And from no nobler lender than the veil,
Th' oblivious veil of *thoughtlessness*. For *I*
Would not class *THEM* with rocks or stones. Oh! no ;—
I would to mere forgetfulness still trace
Their cold unkindness—their neglect
Of one whom blood—and more than blood—has made
Their sister.—One, whose claims upon their love
And pity, (seen by all except themselves,)
Are register'd on high—and slighted here
May call down Heaven's wrath upon the heads
Of their own beauteous offspring ; planting thorns
Where goodly fruit might hang to bless the race !—
'Tis duty then, and 'tis compassion too,

To try to rouse their sleeping love or hate,
T' avert the blow—the long impending blow,
That hurls their starving kindred to the tomb ;
Whom—one—one little bauble * (nought beside
Of earth's best gifts were wanting) had made
Their equals—*and the sharers of their—ALL !!*

* Alluding to my mother's amiable character and high respectability, acknowledged by themselves, as well as by all who knew her.

TO

THE HEAD OF A NOBLE FAMILY.

Oh, yes—'tis thy unwatchful eye
Which causes all my misery ;
The world may scorn and frown on me,
It—but, alas !—but—copies *thee* !

Oh ! never hadst thou plea to shun
The shelterless, unfriended one,
(*Whose fault it was to see the sun !*)
As thou hast done—as thou hast done !

TO —————.

OH ! wither'd be this hand of mine,
If e'er it write a verse or line
To hurt or sully thee or thine !

In heart, as noble as in name,
Thou deem'st mere honours, rank, and fame
But things that yield the wretched claim

Upon thy sympathy—as they
Were shining trifles in thy way
That need a stronger brilliancy :—

The brilliancy of virtue's light—
Then only richly, purely bright—
My friend—my brother—*thou art right !*

ENIGME.

“ Mon premier est un Tyran,
Mon second est un Monstre,
Mon tout——c'est le Diable.”

MON premier est des dames—ou don du cil,
Ou bien leur malediction cruelle ;
Mon seconde est leur veritable haine
Quoique tous les deux unis, leur font une chaine
De l'or souvent—mais quelque fois d'autres choses
Qu'elles prennent sans peine, comme, (sans epines,) la rose !

TO AN ENEMY.

" Where now the barren rock or painted shrew?"—YOUNG.

DARK and dire and guileful being,
Thou hast us'd thy pow'r in vain ;
By thy very aid I'm fleeing
Far from anguish—far from pain.

Thine the heart, by malice moulded,
To remove the fatal veil
Flattery and Folly folded
O'er these eyes so weak and frail.

By the flames thy vengeance lighted,
Thou hast purified the ore ;
Treach'rous flames, that had benighted,
Left to thy insidious pow'r.

But thy pow'r was *meted, minded,*
And thy aims were deeply scann'd;
Why was I, alas! so blinded,
Not—before—to see God's hand?

That dark draught, by thee impoison'd
Has prov'd medicine divine,
And the eye, by that tear moisten'd
Which 'tis "bliss to shed"—is mine!

Thus the drop distill'd, extracted,
From life's bitter cup, behold!
And the metal, base, contracted,
See transmuted into gold!

Thine the hand, decreed by Heaven,
In my cup that bliss to blend!
Now—my enemy forgiven,
'Gainst thy will, I'll call thee friend!

Then—dark, dire, and guileful being,
Thou hast us'd thy pow'r in vain,
The mere tool of Him, th'all-seeing,
Striking blessing out of pain.

As the steel that striketh ever
Lightning from the block of stone ;
Unassail'd—unsmitten, never
Had that hidden fire been known !

TO MY PILLOW.

ALL hail ! thou kindliest, best resource of earth
Which beings on her flinty bosom find ;
Blest counterpoise of all that happiness
Can lavish upon Fortune's favourites ;
And the much dearer, safer measure too,
(Bestow'd by th' hand that holds the scales of Heaven.)
Yes, balmy pillow—amaranthine bed—
With hearts-ease sprinkled, and the thornless rose :
Oh ! weigh with thy balsamic pow'r and peace,
Earth's pow'r—earth's gold—earth's luxuries : and they,
E'en golden pleasure's vot'rists shall confess,
"Tis thine—'tis thine—the turning of the scale !—
One taste, (when tir'd of Folly's mazy dream,)
Of thy Lethean sweetness, will have taught
Those dreamers, that the thorn of bitterness
Awhile *may* cease to pierce.—And that awhile,
Life's specious glare may soften into shade,
(The green fresh shade that aching eyes do love.)
Sole relic, 'mid the wreck of Eden saved

To tell an Eden bloom'd—reclin'd on thee,
Grief's sigh is lull'd to rest—and by thy fond
And peaceful hushings, sinks the storm of life ;
That ever fearful storm, assuag'd by thee
To gentlest calm—but not assuag'd for those—
For those who feel the dagger of remorse !
(The steel which stabs thy guileless infant—Sleep !)

THE MILLER'S BOY.

"I dive for precious pearl in Sorrow's stream."—YOUNG.

AND can I from my book exclude
My elder born ? and not employ
One thought on him, because a rude
And rough and homely Miller's Boy ?

Oh no, my child—no circumstance,
A Mother's love can e'er destroy ;
The seed that tender Nature plants,
Can know no blight—poor Miller's Boy !

Thee, of thy boasted wealth to find
Deprived, is but one wither'd joy,
Among the leafless reeds that bind
Thy Mother's brow—dear Miller's Boy !

The thorn that once was mingled there
Has ceas'd, with piercing, to annoy ;
Its edge is worn away, my dear,
And I can love—a Miller's Boy !

Pride—wounded Pride, has had its weight,
And bade me nought on earth enjoy ;
But now, “ the vanity of state ”
I know, my Son—(the Miller's Boy !)

The tender plant I rear'd in thee,
As one benighted beam of joy,
May yet, with fruits of honesty,
Repay thy Mother's care—my Boy.

'Mid toil—refinement's pang and smile
May seem (like Fancy's wand) a toy ;
And thus the things that most beguile,
Thou 'rt shelter'd from—poor Miller's Boy.

“ God’s noblest work (an honest Man !”)

Be thou !—and thou shalt prove the buoy
(’Gainst shoals and rocks) of Heaven’s plan,
To guard thy Mother’s age !—my Boy.

WRITTEN

ON HAVING RECEIVED VERY BENEVOLENT ATTENTION
FROM JAMES REED, Esq. OF IPSWICH.

Poor Wanderer! wherefore didst thou roam
To Orwell's banks to find a home?
What shadow glided through thy brain,
And imag'd there—a friend again?
What whisper'd, that thou e'er couldst find
A *Reed* not “shaken with the wind;”
Or aught to yield thee timely aid
Amid the wreck that grief had made?
The taper brighter burns, 'tis said,
Where clouds of deepest darkness spread;
Thus glanc'd the hope beam through thy mind
Which led thee Orwell's banks to find.
And hast thou found a friendly *Reed*,
To succour thee in time of need?
One on that beauteous river's side
Affording aid?—or does it glide,
Unmindful of thy sigh and pray'r,
And murmur “succour is not there!”

No *Reed* that's "shaken with the wind,"
No glancing meteor of the mind,
No mere light shadow of the brain
Mocks with vain hope the Wanderer's pain !
A *Reed* is on fair Orwell's side,
Of noblest growth—its boast—its pride ;
And near it may the wretched rest,
The humble, helpless, there are blest ;
And e'en the Wand'rer there may bring
Her tearful tale of sorrowing ;
And with the poor and friendless share
That noble *Reed's* supporting care.
With Orwell's sylvan banks may sing
Its praises—ever echoing
Its root on earth—its fruits arise,
Accepted of their native skies !

YEARS—years ago, a sad farewell,
From blanching lips, prophetic fell,
And Fancy gave its trembling tone
The chords and touches—all her own—
And then with hues the holiest
She richly tinted Tenderness.
But over it dark shading flung,
Like clouds, o'ercharg'd at set of sun!—
And presage lent that mute farewell
An omen'd tone, like Honour's knell!—
'Twas so.—Its whispering echo rings
In Memory's ear, those murmurings.—
Again farewell, but not as then,
This heart can never bleed again ;
For gone's the pow'r—and gone the spell
That made it love—and love so well.
Ah! gone the charm, and gone the power
That stamp'd a soul upon the hour !

And broken the magnetic gem
Which glittered in the diadem,
That Nature's self had seemed to throw
Across an honour-crested brow ;
And fall'n the star that trembling cast
Its rays around ! Yet screen the past !
Forgiveness ! with oblivious veil.
Oh ! then farewell!—again farewell !

CARDS OF FORTUNE.

THE cloud that overshadows thee,
And threatens thy fair destiny,
Is but a veil by Vesper thrown,
T' ameliorate and temper down
That richly lighted sky of thine,
Where suns in changeless lustre shine ;
Oh ! hail the friendly veil that thus
Would soften down *more* happiness,
Than blooms to bless Earth's narrow sphere !
Bliss buds—but does not blossom here !

THERE's joyfulness in store for thee,
But thou wilt suffer previously ;
Yet like the sweet and sunny hour
Which followeth the summer show'r,
And like the deep-felt calm that comes
Behind wild ocean's direst storms,
Shall be the smiles that welcome thee
To all that gives life harmony.
True joy her fairest blossoms rears
In soil prepar'd, and dew'd by tears !

A SECRET lingers in thine eye,
And bids it shine resplendently,
And from thy lips rich echoes fall
Of joy-bounds caught within thy soul!—
Nay—start not—for the secret there
Is silent as th' unruffled air
That herald is of coming storm;
Oh! start not—thou shalt know no harm,
Unhurt through stranger's land thou 'lt come,
While welcomes cluster round thy home.

Oh! bless the chast'ning hand that left
One sting within thy honied draught;
And, 'mid the flow'rs that bloom t' adorn
Thy favour'd brow—Oh! hail the thorn!
Rejoice that on thy sunny path
One shade is cast—(not cast in wrath.)
No! friendly as the plough to land,
To mortals is the chast'ning hand;
It mends the heart, and lights the eye,
In lustrous tears of sympathy!

Now!—idly on the river's brink,
Thy eye does Nature's beauties drink,
And listless is thy unfill'd soul
When sipping that nectarian bowl;
For *that heart* seeming link'd by Heav'n
With thine, is to another giv'n,
And Nature's once melodious voice,
In mock'ry cries, Rejoice—rejoice!

If ever cherish'd lamb, or plant, or dove
Become an object of thy fost'ring love,
'Twill die:—And tell thee, e'en in youth, the tale
Of riper years!—Oh! thou wilt learn it well!
That blight lies hid beneath the spreading flow'r
Which gaily twines round Hope's enchanted bow'r;
That e'en fair Friendship wears a phantom smile,
And oft-times breathes, alas! but to beguile.

OH! deck thee with rose-buds and sweet lilacs now,
And mingle the hawthorn with them,
For Love's first emotion just colours thy brow,
And Hope puts forth buds from its stem;
But thus richly garlanded, let not thy feet
The hearts-ease in carelessness crush,
Lest the thistle and mistrustful lavender meet
Where the full rose and myrtle should blush.

NAY! wreath'd with willow, bind not now
The cypress on thy lilyed brow;
Seek not the shade of forest gloom
Where wild flow'rs only put forth bloom;
For sunshine on thy path shall throw
Rich beams, that cherish with their glow,
The flow'rs of rarest, loveliest hue,
That e'er on mortal's path-way grew.

LEARN of the Ivy's changeless bloom,
T' exist and smile on Pleasure's tomb ;
Learn of the ruin'd tow'r, to bear
Both wintry winds and scorching air :
And wait submissively on earth,
Until the seed of heav'nly birth—
Death—death deep-planted in thy breast,
Shall lead thee where the weary rest !

THAT bright star for thee emitting
Rays of promis'd happiness,
To meridian height is getting,
Zenith'd too in power to bless ;
Rather doubt high solar brightness,
Stars' and planets' harmony,
Than the faithful heart's uprightness,
Which, as true, revolves round thee.

LIKE the deep rich shade of the moon-beam bright,
Which, mellow'd and blent with its fairy light,
Falls silently, touching the inmost soul,
When fancy, and rapture, and hope, unroll
Their pages, and promise a happier home,
Than the half-blest dark sphere, where mortals roam.
Like this moon-light hour, by the fates' decree,
Is the joy-beam, alas ! that rests on thee !
'Tis beautiful, holy, that hour—and bright,
But gone with the morning's first ray of light !

Lo ! like the moth, allur'd by yon fair light,
 Which seems a glory, harmless as 'tis bright ;
 A specious radiance, and a spangled wrath,
 Await thee, as sure ruin waits the moth ;
 If timely, thou fly not the meteor-smile
 That's there—to fascinate thee—and beguile.
 Outshining lunar rays, with dazzling glare,
 That night-beam glitters—oh ! 'tis there—'tis there.
 An erring night-beam ! that with fatal glow,
 Gleams but to hurry thee to depthless woe !

How lightly floats the playful bark,
 How gaily soars the happy lark,
 How brightly mounts the morning sun ;
 Aurora's robe of pearls is on,
 July her glowing mantle wears,
 And yearns to dry e'en Sorrow's tears ;—
 High pleasur'd thus, thy life shall be,
 If guarded by Philosophy ;—
 Who extracts, with alchemic pow'rs,
 The honey's sting—the thorn from flow'rs.

THY sky is bright—thy sky is bright,
 In false Prosperity's fair light;
 Thy cup of joy runs o'er and o'er,
 And great—oh !—great's thy earthly store ;
 And—mute's the tongue, and dry the eye,
 And steel'd the heart, where sympathy
 Once linger'd; ere the earth-fill'd soul,
 Drank deeply of that deadly bowl,
 Which kill'd the spark, pure, subtile, fine,
 That made thee *more than half* divine.

AWAKE not to *welcome* Aurora's hour,
When rose-wreath'd she steps from her di'mond bow'r ;
Inhale not the perfume of blooming May,
While the nightingale warbles on the spray.
Though fairest and dearest those seasons be,
Meridian sweets are safer for thee.
The time is not distant, when dawn's rich blush,
Divested of danger, thy cheek may flush
With feelings' own transports ; and thy bright eyes,
May glow 'mid the lights of nocturnal skies.

NAY, pout not that pretty red lip o'er the page,
Which the sibylline hand flings to thee ;
The numbers, though lowly, shall chase away rage,
As the light bark rides o'er the proud sea ;
For the sly smile and blush, those numbers call forth,
Shall illumine thy beautiful eye ;
And the perilous arrow it sends from its wrath,
Shall pierce through the heart ling'ring nigh.
Now look, look around thee, and pitying see,
And gladden the heart that is bleeding for thee.

TNY dawn of life was overcast,
Yet brood no longer on the past ;
The sun, with mounting glory fills
The space around, of vales and hills
Long—long ere mid-day hour—then cast
No thought upon the gloomy past ;
Except with painter's skill, where shade,
To throw out light is ably laid ;
The glow-worm's light, and astral spark,
Are radiant only in the dark.

On ! trust not thou the speaking eye,
That borrows rich beams from the sky--
For though its fine dark lustre throw
Such beauty o'er that marble brow--
Its parent guide, (the hidden heart,)
Disguis'd beneath the folds of art,
Would poison e'en the sweetest draught,
(The taste of Heav'n kind angels waft
To Earth.)———In tint, 'tis snow--
And feeling too—that high-white brow !

THE END.

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